

Recorder's Court on the Campus

When Judge Gary took his seat in Recorder's Court, put on his spectacles, settled himself in his chair and looked around, he was astounded at the number of criminals present. "New Year resolutions are mighty poor things," said he, "judging from the Recorder's Court this morning." There were many old faces quite familiar to the Recorder, but there was also a few youngsters who had began the new year by getting into some mix-up. The judge, who is a most distinguished and highly educated lawyer of the bar, asked Mr. Littlejohn, who is the Clerk, to read out the cases one by one.

Graydon, a desperate character, was brought in the court room handcuffed. He was up for disturbing the peace of the campus every night between 7 and 8 o'clock. Lawyer for the defense, ex-Judge Fromberg. "Well, prisoner, what have you got to say for yourself?" "Well, judge, ya-sir, ya-sir, up in Greenwood, er—" "Silence!" yelled Judge Gary, "I don't want to know anything about Greenwood. Tell me your side of this case. Are you guilty or not guilty?" Well, judge, ya-sir; I do sing a little at night." "Enough," said Judge Gary, "fine, \$25." After the fine was paid, Graydon gave an argument in his defense, reasoning in the Modus Tollens Ponendo style.

Fromberg stroked his chin. "Pat Murray," read Clerk Littlejohn, "general disorder at the Roddey contest." "Well, Pat, you are an old character. What brought you here?" "Two policemen, sir." "What did you do to make them arrest you?" "Well, I had a little fun in the gallery. I applauded some of the speakers and dropped my pipe down in the audience. I was trying to hit something that looked like a bald head. I nearly fell off the railing." "Well, Pat, I easily see you had fun, so I will let you pay for it; \$50." Pat nearly fell out of his seat. "Five more," said the Judge. Pat took 60 days.

Mademoiselle was up next, charged with disturbing the audience at the Debate by beating the piano. It appeared that "she" had taken too much three feathers on board, and hence was in good spirits. Judge Gary dismissed her with a word of warning.

Red Russell was brought up next, charged with the serious charge of walking with a girl on Main street. "Red" made an able defense for himself, but as Rich Buie and Sheppard testified that they saw him, and also gave him nine rals, the judge couldn't see his way clear, and fined him \$5.

Buie and Officer next up, charged with securing money under false pretence. The said prisoners contracted with many students to take chances on a suit of clothes before the holidays. There were fifty chances taken, and as they could not sell the other fifty these went to the house. Of course, Buie and Officer won the suit of clothes. "Bad offense," said the judge; "a regular Seminole graft case. I'll send them up to the higher court."

A case of great importance was Isaac Fromberg and Dick Pettigru, charged with stealing the time of the Junior Class. This case has been watched with much interest throughout on account of the parties concerned and the legal talent of the defense. Burt Smith represented Pet-

tigru and M. R. McDonald was attorney for Fromberg. The Recorder, in delivering his decision, said: "I fully appreciate the persecution to which the law class has been subjected, so I will inflict as a punishment that the two gentlemen hereafter ask only one question a day, and that this question must be asked in simple, everyday English and must be asked in ten minutes." This decision has met with universal approval among the Junior Laws.

"John" Fickling, charged with preaching without a license, \$5 or 10 days, took days.

J. H. Hammond was charged with being a "heart smasher." The punishment was a severe one, i. e., that he never be allowed to say: "That's a happy thought."

George Benet, L. A. Buie and W. B. Perrin, well known characters in the Recorder's court, were charged this morning with running a raffling den without a license. Fine \$15, and on condition that they hereafter raffle only \$1 dollar bill a night.

Our old friend Josh Ashley was charged with being a nuisance. He openeth his mighty lungs too often, and received as a reward \$20 or 30 days. Owing to circumstances, he took days.

CLARIOSOPHIC SOCIETY

The meeting of the Clariosophic Society last Saturday evening was well attended, as usual. The program was carried through in great style and the interest that is taken in the society was plainly manifested by the apt manner in which the subjects were handled, and by the fact that none of the debaters, orators, declaimers, etc., were absent.

The subject, for debate was a very weighty one, nevertheless it was handled well, and was much enjoyed by the Society at large. The subject for debate was: "Resolved, That the United States should assume a protectorate over the Western hemisphere." The affirmative side of the query was upheld by B. T. Rainsford, R. F. Goodwin and C. N. Sapp. The negative was supported by J. A. Marion, T. C. Callison and J. D. Lanford.

The debate was a heated one, and the judges, consisting of J. D. Brandenburg, M. Lumpkin, and S. Quattlebaum, decided in favor of the negative, but the Society did not sustain their decision.

Declaimers—J. O. Crout, J. B. Rawls.

Reader—E. W. Bodie.

Orators—J. H. Sullivan, M. L. Marion.

Extemporaneous Debate: "Resolved, That Senator B. R. Tillman should answer the accusation of Roosevelt with as cutting, sarcastic, and severe language as possible. Affirmative, T. K. Vassey and J. C. Massey. Negative, L. A. Buie and V. E. Rector.

We had with us an old alumnus, Mr. Verner, and it was his first appearance on the floor of our Society in seventeen years. He gave a very interesting talk, which was much appreciated and enjoyed by every member of the Society. We wish him much success and assure him that he is always welcome within the walls of his old Society.

Hey!

Return of the Students

The Christmas holidays have gone the way of the huge army of "the departed," and the campus is once more as lively as a swarming anthill. The sluggard still misseeth his breakfast, and drops into his seat in chapel, breathless and sleepy-eyed. The bell rings with its old accustomed clang, the same old reliables are still busting as of yore. The same old crowd of "family friends and beaux" wend their weekly way to C. F. W. Marshal Dyches is alive and healthy looking, and the boxes in the postoffice still give forth their crop of brown envelopes.

Once a youth who found himself rather ill-treated at home, determined after much heartrending deliberation to break the old ties and strike out for himself in the world. Accordingly, he made a small bundle of his most prized worldly possessions, and with a heavy heart set forth in search of adventure. Having arrived at the spring, about a quarter of a mile down the road, he seated himself on a rock and comforted himself with that most ecstatic and enjoyable of human solaces, self-pity. While thus engaged, the faint sound of the supper bell floated to his ears. Warily he raised his bundle, and returned to the home of his youth. The smoke still curled itself up from the single chimney and all looked as before. He entered, and cast himself into the old armchair by the fire. His mother entered, but instead of clasping her long-lost prodigal to her breast, she took no notice of him at all. Likewise his father, but there were no announcements made concerning the fatted calf. The wanderer was sorely cast down. Was this the welcome he was to receive after so long an absence? He would show them how such ingratitude should be treated. He would leave their house forever, and some day when he had achieved wealth and fame, he would return and be generous to them and make them ashamed. Once more he raised his bundle which had so faithfully accompanied him on his wanderings. But the old black cat strolled into the room at this juncture, and rubbed herself affectionately against his leg. He looked down sadly, heaved a tremendous sigh, and remarked:

"So you still have the same old cat."

The Christmas holidays have come and gone, and we are once more back among our accustomed haunts. And yes, we still have the same old cats, and their claws are as sharp as ever.

Before going farther, it may be well to remark that George is well and still wearing his diamond ring. His dopes are as delicious as ever, and some do say that they have a slightly stronger flavor of coca cola than they had before, so that one may no longer be obliged to gaze steadfastly at their color while imbibing to persuade himself. George states that he turned the cloth on his pool tables while no one was looking. Be that as it may, they still have the same old tilt, and the cue ball has lost no whit of its resemblance to a nickel baseball after it has been batted several times.

There is one change which comes as a draught of clear water after a two-mile run in the summer sun.

Raffles have departed. No more do the pesky financiers plague the unwilling students with their small envelopes and list sheet. Let us rejoice and make merry! Let us resolve in this moment of respite no more to tolerate the cunning stratagems of these wily sharks. Freedom forever! Down with the rafflers! We must have change.

UNIVERSITY WON IN TITLE SUIT

(Continued from Page One.)

The grounds of the college are to be laid out so as to be in keeping with the new buildings that will be put up gradually, and will run back through Gibbes' green. Then, too, the owning of property by a different party on the corner of the green would not have been for the good of the institution. The corner over which the suit was held is one of the most desirable locations for a college building, which will make the once-disputed corner coincide with the opposite corner, on which a class-room building is now nearing completion.

The trustees will erect on the corner of Bull and Pendleton streets, since they have won the case, a class-room building of the most modern plans, and it will be in keeping with the one now being completed on the opposite corner. The structure will cost \$30,000, and the modern class-room will be one of which any institution would be proud of. This will be the forerunner of many more, which the demands call for, and will be followed by a gradual extension of the grounds. It will take time for the University to carry all their plans through, but by gradually pushing forward the trustees hope to be successful in their undertaking. Then Carolina will surely be one of the leading universities of the South, and of which our State will be proud.

The decision of the Supreme Court: "Upon hearing the petition, return and argument in the above stated case, it is the judgment of this court that the plaintiff has a good title to the land described in the petition and is entitled to the relief prayed for.

"It is, therefore, ordered and adjudged that the defendant be perpetually enjoined from asserting any claim to the land described in the petition.

"The reasons for this judgment will be given in an opinion to be hereafter rendered."

Wanted—To know why "Grease" Graydon's hair stands straight up? Answer—"Dill" is a mighty man.

It may be of interest to some of you to know that Professor W. E. Finley, '05, has been admitted to the bar. It will be remembered that he taught Math, and J. C. Sheppard slipped up by not standing second Math under him. By the way, Johnnie is still struggling with sine and co-sine.

Fresh Gary at the Roddey contest handed Carter a glass of water. He waited for a tip. The speaker tipped him later. We would like to inform Mr. Gary that the contest is not to be looked on as a banquet. However, many wish it was a feast, and would gladly tip the freshman.